

Fuck you, Fuck Me by The_Heart_of_an_Angel

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Sex, Bullying, Dirty Talk, Dry Humping, Enemies to Lovers, Fighting, Fingering, Intense makeout sessions, M/M, Mild Nipple Play, Smut, Sort of in canon time?

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler- mention, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Jonathan Byers

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-08-03

Updated: 2016-08-07

Packaged: 2022-03-31 22:29:51

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,527

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Jonathan and Steve get into a fight over Nancy, and things end very unexpectedly.

1. Chapter 1

Jonathan sat down in the period he'd been dreading all day: his English class, starring Steve Harrington. After Steve and his friends had smashed his camera, Jonathan was not sure at all if the torture would continue during the other times he would have to come in contact with Steve.

Unfortunately for him, he sat across the aisle and two seats ahead of Steve (and his goon of a pal) : perfect range for bits of paper to hit him in the back of the head.

As he sat down in his seat, he awaited the humiliation and taunting that would definitely begin shortly. He dared to turn around in his chair to watch just as Steve entered the classroom and sat back in his chair comfortably. A threatening scowl rested on Steve's face, directed at Jonathan. He knew he was in for hell that period.

He quickly turned back to face the front of the classroom as the bell rang, and the teacher promptly began. The older woman they had as their English teacher, Mrs. Harper, had huge coke-bottle glasses for her small, nearly useless eyes and was practically deaf in one ear. Jonathan knew that Steve would take full advantage of this.

And right he was... As Mrs. Harper had her face buried in the copy of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* she was reading aloud to the class, Steve's friend took the opportunity to fling an eraser at Jonathan's head. It hit him square behind the ear, and he jolted as it bounced off of him.

Some of the other students noticed and took vague interest in the course of events that would take place after. A crumpled piece of paper then made an appearance and Jonathan's shoulder. He bit his lip, squeezed his eyes shut, and tried to ignore it. It was difficult when giggles and snickers erupted from the kids around him. All set to the half monotonous and awkward sound of Mrs. Harper trying, and failing to use different voices whilst reading the play.

Jonathan could feel his face turning red, but he kept his eyes down. It was quiet for a minute, and he thought that maybe Steve and his

minion had given up. Premature relief swept over him and he cautiously relaxed.

He paid more attention to Mrs. Harper reading then, which took his mind off of the ordeal. He could imagine the characters now, up on a stage in glittering costume amongst dark green cardboard trees. It was a play after all. He let that sweep his mind away, until a sharp tap on his shoulder interrupted his thoughts.

He slowly turned around without thinking and a folded paper was shoved close to his face. Jonathan gaped and stared at it for a moment, before taking it. He looked around briefly at those who were staring at him. Some were whispering, others, like Steve, smirked mischievously. It was as if Steve was Robin Goodfellow, and enjoyed causing him trouble, and making him feel like shit.

Blood pounded in his ears as he unfolded the paper and his heart dropped in his gut as he saw what was written in it.

"Stay away from Nancy, Perv!"

He turned back to Steve and grimaced at him. He looked so fucking smug as he leaned back in his chair. Jonathan felt like an outsider looking in as he stood up to say something. He couldn't control himself as he walked over to Steve and stood in front of his desk.

Mrs. Harper stopped reading and looked up.

"Mr. Byers, would you please take your seat?"

Jonathan ignored her, and Steve stood up with him. They were dangerously close as they stared each other down.

"Look, I'm not a perv. I don't give a shit about you, or your friends, or what you'll do to me. I can hang out with Nancy if I want to." Jonathan said darkly. Steve crossed his arms. The rest of the class was now intently watching, some getting up from their seats to see if a fight would break out.

"You're a fucking sicko. You just follow her around like a stalker, and take pictures of her. If you go near her, I will kick the crap outta you." Steve spat. Jonathan could feel his breath on his face.

"Boys, both of you, sit down!" Mrs. Harper ordered, but was ignored again.

"I think she'd have something to say about that, Steve. But, hey, what do I know? I'm not the one who had sex with her. You can keep her, Macho. Leave me the fuck alone." Jonathan heard the bell ring and immediately grabbed his stuff from his desk and stalked out of the room.

He knew Steve was coming after him, he could feel him chasing him down the hall. He ran into the bathroom, hoping to duck away into a stall. He heard the door shut and lock. Steve got to him before he could hide, pushing him up against the bathroom wall.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, Byers?" Steve gripped the front of his shirt and pressed him up against the wall with his torso and one knee.

Jonathan scrambled to push Steve off of him. "Fuck off." He grunted and gripped the other boy's knuckles, but his grip was like a vice.

"I just think you need to learn your place, man. I want to protect Nancy from creeps like you. You are nothing. You don't get with girls like her, okay?" Steve growled and pressed him with more force. Jonathan just glared and examined Steve's face, his dark eyes and gelled hair. His lips that pumped hot breath that mingled with his own.

"Why are you so quick to judge me? You don't fucking know me." Jonathan retorted. He clawed at Steve's hands and pulled them off of his stretched shirt. "I didn't mean to get pictures of you guys. I heard screaming and I thought she was in trouble. I took the picture to make sure I had proof if you... did anything to her." He explained, and straightened his shirt. Steve just looked at him, with a moment of curiosity in his gaze.

"You're such an asshole, man." Steve shook his head. He obviously didn't believe what he was hearing. "A fucking pervert who's also a good liar!"

Jonathan looked disgusted and finally curled his hand into a fist. He

threw one good punch at Steve, and made him stumble back off his feet.

"I'm not lying!" Jonathan yelled, which echoed in the bathroom. Steve pushed himself up using the sink counter and lunged at Jonathan. He hit him square in the jaw, and blinding pain blossomed in Jonathan's ear. He fell onto his ass and held the side of his face. This allowed Steve to pull him back up by the shirt and push him back into the wall.

They were close again, too close. As they both settled down a bit breathing harshly, Jonathan looked at Steve's expression, which didn't seem so sure about anything anymore. Maybe he was starting to believe him, just a little bit.

The position they were in was warm, and the tension in their bodies still was not uncoiled. Steve's knuckles were turning white, and Jonathan was gripping any part of the other he could get. Namely, his shoulder and the back of his neck.

Eyes darted back and forth, both trying to figure out what to do. After hearing what each other had to say, it was hard to stay stubbornly negative. Steve, though, seemed determined to ignore reason, even if it was his own.

Jonathan's blood was still boiling at how much of an asshole Steve had been. He'd bullied him and broke his fucking camera. Steve was a complete idiot, obviously. But as they were both leaning against the wall, Jonathan was even more sure that was the case: Steve was pinning Jonathan into the wall with his hips.

Steve licked his lips and adjusted the way he was holding Jonathan, causing their bodies to grind against one another. Jonathan shivered and looked up at Steve with droopy eyes. Neither had noticed that their mouths were also migrating closer and closer. It was unbelievably boiling in the room as their escalated body heat mixed.

Steve finally took the plunge and connected their mouths. It was a hurricane of mouths and tongues and hands. Jonathan still gripped the back of Steve's neck, but slid his fingers into his soft hair. Steve replaced his hands on Jonathan's hips and ground his own against

him.

They both gasped at the feeling of their half-hard cocks moving against each other, but quickly went back to sucking mouths. Steve was rough, and forceful. Jonathan hit the back of his head on the tiled wall, but didn't care, as Steve's rogue tongue explored his mouth.

It was hot, and hands gripped tightly to flesh. Steve eventually pulled his mouth away and brought it up to Jonathan's ear. Simultaneously, his hips thrust upward roughly. Jonathan let out a short, loud, moan.

"Fuck. I fucking hate your guts." Steve gritted out. Jonathan gasped as Steve kept their hips grinding together. They were both hardening quickly in their pants.

"Ah... Fuck you," Jonathan grunted and wrapped his legs around Steve's waist.

"You fucking perv..." Steve panted. "God, you're hot." He bit Jonathan's earlobe, then moved down to suck on his neck. "Gonna fucking mark you... show what a pervert you are." He bit roughly into his neck, kissing and licking over the bruises. Jonathan easily displayed his neck for better reach.

"S-Steve..." Jonathan panted, as he felt the pleasure in his groin uncoil. "I'm gonna..." He wrapped his arms around Steve's shoulders, and moaned loudly as he came in his pants.

"That's right. Come for me." Steve lowered his hands to his ass to shove Jonathan farther up the wall. He thrust harder against him, hard dick grinding against his hip. "Fuck! You get off on this, huh? Want a big guy like me to fuck you?" He let out a deep moan and looked Jonathan in the eye. "I'll fuck you, Byers. Make you take my huge fucking cock. Just ask Nancy how big it is." He smirked and his thrusts slowed, getting harder, though. "Oh, fuck! Jonathan!" He shuddered as he came, cock spasming against Jonathan's hip.

Both boys were panting and never broke eye contact as they came down from their high. Jonathan let his weak legs back down to the

floor. They both looked at each other, confused and amazed that that had just fucking happened... whatever "that" was.

"What the fuck..." Steve muttered, as if he'd just woken up out of some crazy dream. "We... just..."

"Can I still take you up on that offer to fuck me? You just have to promise me not to call me a pervert anymore." Jonathan answered, standing up straight.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Finally, the smut has arrived!

After Jonathan and Steve had cleaned up, they both went back to class and pretended like nothing happened. The rest of the day went normally. Steve and Nancy went to the movies together, and Jonathan went home. Normally he'd go take photos, but Steve had broken his camera.

The next few days, Steve avoided Jonathan completely. English class was awkward and tense, especially on Friday afternoon when Jonathan had turned around and looked back at Steve with big, sad eyes. Steve had seemed to cringe a bit before forcing himself to look away.

On Friday night, Jonathan was in his room, sorting through the photos he'd taken a while ago, when his camera was still in tact. He was looking over the ones of the water tower's silhouette against the light of the sunset. He was so proud of those photos. They were beautiful and sad. The isolation of the cool metal against the fading sky was stunning. He frowned to himself as he picked up each one and place it in a pile on his bed. Fucking Steve had to ruin his camera: the only thing he enjoyed.

His thoughts were interrupted by a loud knocking on his window. He jumped and his eyes went huge as he cautiously went to it to see who it was. It had scared the shit out of him. He didn't have many friends, so he sincerely hoped it was someone he knew and not a serial killer. Maybe it was Nancy, he thought as he slid it open a bit.

"Hello?" He asked and peered into the outside darkness.

"Hey, it's me." And fuck if that voice didn't make Jonathan's heart drop into his stomach. It was Steve.

"You scared me. What are you doing? I thought you were pretending I don't exist," Jonathan said sarcastically, rolling his eyes. He slid the

window up farther and backed away to allow Steve to crawl inside. "You could have come through the front door. It's not like I'm some girlfriend of yours that can't let her parents see you. No one expects you to be... you know." Jonathan sat on his bed, looking deflated.

"I didn't want anyone to know I came." Steve answered, pushing his hair back. That made Jonathan glare at the floor. Glad to know he wanted it a secret.

"Well, you sure came the other day." Jonathan muttered, a bit proud of himself for the pun. "What do you want?" He said a bit louder. Steve came towards him and pushed him back onto the bed. His hands pinned Jonathan's wrists to the mattress and he straddled his hips.

"I want to fuck you." The sureness in his tone contrasted the nervous look on his face. Jonathan could only breath out slowly and nod. He could feel his cock hardening in his jeans.

"Kiss me first," Jonathan demanded and leaned up even in his limited amount of movement. Steve's face became intense as he leaned down quickly and devoured Jonathan's mouth. Their lips clung together like magnets, moving wildly.

Steve's tongue invaded Jonathan's mouth and he squeezed the wrists of the boy beneath him. Jonathan closed his eyes and listened to the smacking sound of lips and tongue. The little sounds of Steve's pleasure in the back of his throat were turning him on. His hips slowly lifted to move against the other boy's.

Steve pulled away, both panting to get back the air they'd forgotten to take in whilst their mouths battled. He ground his hips down, letting the huge tent in his jeans move against Jonathan's hip. "Feel that?" He asked, biting his lip. "That's what I've had to deal with all fucking week."

Steve bent down to suck and bite at Jonathan's collarbone. "I am going to fuck you so hard."

Jonathan panted loudly and allowed a little whine to escape his throat. He was painfully hard and wanted to come badly. He wanted

Steve to fuck him.

Steve came back up and examined the little bruises he'd added to Jonathan's collection on his neck and collarbone. The purpling skin made him bite his lip and urged him to unbuckle Jonathan's pants.

Jonathan helped with tearing the clothes off of himself, and Steve. But, apparently he was too slow, because Steve plastered himself to Jonathan's body before his could get their shirts all the way off. Jonathan was left in his T-shirt and boxers, while Steve's shirt was unbuttoned, and his jeans were unbuckled and unzipped.

Steve rocked his hips back and forth against Jonathan forcefully. Their cocks slid against each other and precome soaked the cloth of their underwear.

"Can't wait to get your ass out. Bet it's tight." Steve licked a stripe up Jonathan's neck. "Bet you never touched yourself there," He moved his hands down to Jonathan's ass and squeezed. "Got a nice little butt there." Steve smirked.

He continued his movement, while pulling Jonathan's underwear down off his ass. One finger rubbed against the rim, making Jonathan gasp.

"Looks like someone's sensitive." Steve teased and prodded a bit more. Jonathan was certain he could not take his cock up his ass. He was too... tight. He was about to say something, when Steve pulled out a small bottle from his back Jean pocket. He poured some into his hand, and brought his fingers back to Jonathan's ass. "I like it, but I kinda wish you weren't such a virgin. Wanna fuck you hard and fast."

"Then do it!" Jonathan grunted, his hands grabbed at Steve's and shoved a finger into his hole. He nearly yelled, but held it in with a chewed lip.

"Fuck, you want me bad, huh?" Steve grinned and fucked his finger into Jonathan. "Tell me how bad you want me to fuck you." Jonathan glared at him but figured maybe saying it would make him fuck him faster.

"I want it so bad, Steve! Thought about it all week." He closed his eyes as Steve added another finger. "Come on, please do it, Steve! Please!"

Steve chuckled and moved his fingers in and out a couple more times. "Alright, alright. You'll get what you want. " He took his fingers out and instead went to work coating his cock once he'd gotten it out of his underwear. "Take those off." He gestured to Jonathan's boxers with his head.

Jonathan pulled them off and threw them across the room. He felt awkward and exposed, being half naked. His knees lifted and bent, showing off his wet hole. Steve's eyes worked their way down Jonathan's exposed body, and his hand jerked his own cock for a minute before he prodded it to Jonathan's hole. As he sunk in, Jonathan breathed harshly and braced himself for the pain. It burned, but as soon as he was in, Steve rocked his hips forward. Jonathan yelped.

"Damn you feel good." Steve panted, and put his slick hands on either side of Jonathan's body. "Your dick is bigger than I thought it would be." Which Jonathan scoffed at, rolling his eyes. Steve just pushed forward, humping quickly and sharply. Jonathan was quieter than Steve had hoped he would be.

"I've been wanting you all week," Steve whispered in his ear. "I jerk myself off thinking about you. Your fucking body. Ah! How close you get when we argue. Just wanted to kiss you in front of all those people. Turned me... nnnng... into a fag."

Jonathan hated himself for loving the way Steve breathed hotly in his ear. He gripped Steve's shoulders and his back and just felt the muscles tightening under his skin. Jonathan was skinny and tall, Steve was strong.

"Need to talk to me, Byers." Steve seemed a bit less sure when he said that. Jonathan thought for a moment before letting out a little moan.

"Your dick is big..." he started out. "I can feel it inside me, making me ache. Fuck! Can feel it-"

"Yeah? Fucking love it, don't you?"

"Yeah... yeah- ahh! Oh fuck I want it harder! Fuck me harder, Steve." Jonathan begged. Steve licked up the pace, fucking him into the mattress. His photos slid off the creaking bed and landed on the floor.

"Come on, more." Steve breathed into his neck, where his forehead rested.

"Please! I need it, you idiot! Can't even fuck me right!" Jonathan moaned loudly. Steve growled and pulled his legs up suddenly, throwing them over his shoulders.

"Fuck you," Steve grunted out, pushing harder and harder. He feet slipped against the blankets, and he bit into Jonathan's shoulder.

"Ah! Steve! Ah! Ah! Fuck! Oooohhh fuck! Yes, right there! Right there!" Jonathan moaned out loudly. His hands were now gripping the sheets, pulling at the fiber. He was sure he was ripping holes. Steve's cock had hit his prostate once he'd repositioned, and it made him tingle. He was on fire, pleasure dancing I'm his hips, his cock. "Steve! I'm almost there! Touch me! Ahh! Touch my nipples!" He begged.

Steve looked confused for a moment, but didn't question it. He bent his head down and took one of Jonathan's nipples into his mouth. He sucked on it until it hardened, then bit it lightly.

Jonathan practically screamed, and came hard. He spilt his cum onto his and Steve's stomachs. His hole clenched and he tightened around Steve's cock. Steve gasped and couldn't hold back as he came not long after, spilling hot cum into Jonathan's ass.

Both collapsed, breathing heavily, and covered in slick sweat and cum.

"Fuck..." Jonathan let out, putting a hand through his damp hair. "I fucking hate you..."

Steve shook his head and bit Jonathan's shoulder lightly. He slipped

out of his ass, and tucked himself into his pants. Jonathan pulled off his own shirt, that had ridden up to his armpits and wiped the cum off of both of them. He sat, naked on the bed, as Steve buttoned his shirt back up and stood in the middle of the room. They were both still a bit exhausted and definitely sweaty.

Steve noticed the photos of the water tower against the sunset that had fallen on the floor. "Pretty," he mumbled, before ducking out of the window and into the dark night.

Author's Note:

Hey guys, just wanted to tell you to check out my other Stranger Things stories. I have loads more to come. If you have any specific kinks/scenarios/etc. That you'd like to see with these two, just leave me a comment. I will definitely do whatever you ask of me. I love taking prompts.

Criticism is also welcomed! Thank you and love you guys! <3